

# THE DIAL

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## GRANT'S MEMOIRS.\*

When Socrates asked his pupils which they would rather be, the victor in the public games or the herald that announces his name and achievement, it did not occur to any of them to answer "both." But if Cadet Grant had been one of those pupils, he might not only have answered thus but have had his wish. As the American people were fortunate in the possession of Grant, fortunate in his strong constitution and continued health, and fortunate in his preservation from the casualties of the battle-field, so also they were fortunate in his great pecuniary misfortune; for without it we should never have had his personal memoirs. Other writers have given us more critical and exhaustive studies of the campaigns than could be presented in these two volumes; still others have expounded something of the philosophy of the causes, and others yet to come must write the long results of the mighty struggle. But General Grant was preëminently the military hero of the great war, unapproached by any other save Sherman; and

even if he were the dullest of writers, it would be worth a great deal to see the war as it looked from the door of his tent and be made familiar with the working of the master mind that carried it through. But here we are doubly fortunate; for the General proves to be an exceedingly entertaining and often picturesque writer, while the grand simplicity of his character and frankness of his utterances give unusual value to all that he says as historical testimony.

His picture of his boyhood home on the bank of the Ohio, a few miles above Cincinnati, is thoroughly American, and of itself would make as charming a story as one often meets in the best of our juvenile magazines. Solomon could there have had his wish, for it was the home of neither poverty nor riches. Grant the boy knew nothing of the difficulties that beset the early life of Lincoln and Garfield, though Grant the man had his share of troubles and discouragements perhaps greater than theirs.

It seems a singular thing to find that a man who was educated at a military academy and became the greatest general of his age, who commanded hundreds of thousands of soldiers, captured three armies, and brought a gigantic war to a successful close, had a thorough distaste for military life, looked unflinchingly at causes and purposes, and did not hesitate to declare unholy the first war (that with Mexico) in which he was engaged. Perhaps he was all the greater general because he could do this; for in planning and executing his campaigns he seems to have taken into consideration every element that could have the least influence upon his success—not merely the relative numbers of men and guns and the topography of the field, but the abilities and peculiarities of his subordinates, the circumstances of his men, the personal character of the opposing general and his forces, the political influences in the background on either side, and even the traditions and habits of thought that had grown up in the several armies. He was the first to discover that the Southern soldier always did his best in the early onset, and lacked the staying qualities of his Northern foe. It was this that caused him to say, when assuming command in Virginia, that it seemed to him the army of the Potomac had never fought its battles through; it was for this that he set himself, first of all, the task of teaching them "not to be afraid of Lee," for, says he, "I had known him personally, and knew that he was mortal;" it was this that gave him such complete victory at Donelson, at Vicksburg, and at Appomattox.

\*PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF U. S. GRANT. In two volumes. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

Grant courageously and plainly tells the truth as he saw it, concerning many disputed and unexplained points in the military history, and does not hesitate to express his opinion of the character and abilities of numerous generals, speaking always from personal observation. It is noticeable, in contrast with some actors in the war who have contributed to its history, that he never indulges in mediaeval epithets, never calls anybody "knightly,"—indeed, he appears to be unaware that the language furnishes any such clap-trap. He looks at a general with this sole question in his mind: Has that man performed his duty with fidelity, skill, and courage? He looks upon a battle-field, not as a place for boasting how many of his enemies he sent to the grave, but solely with reference to the question whether results were there achieved which brought nearer the day of peace. He appreciates a victory without exultation, acknowledges a defeat or an error with frankness and humility, and in either case regrets the loss of life, whether of friend or foe. In all this, it seems to me, he fulfils the highest ideal of a citizen-soldier. He never forgets the part of courtesy to his conquered opponents. When he received the surrenders of Pemberton and of Lee, he would not permit his army to cheer or fire a salute over the downfall of their misguided countrymen. He is especially careful to use mild and measured language in criticising the Confederate leaders, and yet he knows how to make a simple statement of fact give powerful testimony, without the slightest addition of rhetoric or comment. One of the best instances of this is on pages 273-276 of the second volume, where the brief correspondence seems to show that General Lee either valued punctilio above all else, or had deliberately determined that no relief should be extended to the wounded men that lay between the lines at Cold Harbor, wishing them all to die (as all did die, save two) because the National army was much more largely represented among them than the rebel. If this correspondence has been published before, it has escaped my reading; if it has not been explained, it behooves the admirers of the Confederate chieftain to make all haste with their explanations.

As General Grant was notable during the war for the almost unerring judgment with which he chose his subordinates, so in his memoirs he is correspondingly notable for his care to give every one of them whatever credit may be his due,—not only those who endured the battle, but those who "tarried with the stuff," as David expresses it. He shows a strong affection for Lincoln, a just appreciation of the enigmatical Stanton, and something very like contempt for the scholarly marplot Halleck. He occasionally, too, gives us his

opinion of some that were not in the service at all, as when he says: "The history of the defeated rebel will be honorable hereafter, compared with that of the Northern man who aided him by conspiring against his government while protected by it;" and on pages 143-145 of the second volume, where he gives two or three anecdotes of his experience in camp with "a Mr. Swinton, a literary gentleman," which suggest an explanation of the heretofore mysterious fact, noted by most readers, that Swinton's "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," while in other respects one of the ablest books that treat of that army, is grossly unjust to the commander under whom it made its final and most successful campaign.

It could not be expected that General Grant's Memoirs, written during the last months of his life, with the discouragements of sickness and financial disaster, by a man not accustomed to historical composition, would be free from fault; but the blemishes are singularly few. One that is perhaps worth noticing is his use of the expression, "the war between the States." There never was any such war. The great struggle of 1861-'5 was no more a war between the States than it was a war between the counties or the towns. Geographically, it was a war between the sections; officially, it was a war between the United States Government and an insurrectionary portion of the inhabitants. No State on either side fought as a State, or had the slightest control of its soldiers after they were in the field. Indeed, the recognition of State rights in the Confederacy was even less than in the Union; by the sweeping conscription laws and other acts of the Davis Government they were almost completely blotted out. The expression "the war between the States" was cunningly invented by Alexander H. Stephens, to mislead the reader of history as to the true nature of the conflict. But General Grant may be pardoned for repeating it, after a professional historian like McMaster has fallen into the same trap.

These volumes—with their condensed account of the great campaigns, their clear and honest explanations of many things heretofore misrepresented or hard to understand, their estimates of contemporaries, and above all their unconscious but graphic portraiture of the author's own character,—are a priceless legacy to the American people. They let us see what manner of man it was that could undertake the seemingly impossible without a thought of failure, could endure disaster without profanity, could win victories without exultation, and could bestow praise and promotion wherever they seemed to be deserved, with scarcely a thought of himself.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

## THE PAGAN CHRIST.\*

A work designed to prove that the miracles of Apollonius of Tyana are as well attested as those of Christ, and that the ethical teachings of the pagan sage are as high and true as those of Christianity, would seem to belong rather to the age of Bayle or Voltaire than to that of Renan and Matthew Arnold. What, according to no very noble conception of either religion or science, it is the fashion to call the conflict between religion and science, was once waged by ponderous tomes devoted to the "unveiling" of the Platonism of the Christian fathers, or to elaborate vindication of the Emperor Julian. But now the issues of the contest and the methods of the combatants have changed, and "the date is out of such prolixity." Possibly it is an apologetic sense of this that leads Mr. Tredwell to declare that the original occasion of his book (the challenge of a Brooklyn clergyman) was soon forgotten, and that the reward of his labor "is to be found in the substratum of historic and literary wealth which has been unearthed by the necessary subsoil process of the work." His real object, he gives us to understand, is to present what he calls "a panorama of the geographic and historic events of that portion of the Roman Empire lying around and adjacent to the eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea." By the "panorama of geographic events" we presume Mr. Tredwell means the map of the Roman Empire that fronts his title-page. As for the historic and literary wealth, the necessary subsoil or rather surface process of a reviewer's hasty reading has enabled us to discover a few nuggets which we are moved to exhibit before saying a few words about the main subject of the book. For some of these marvels, the ingenious compositor is probably responsible. To him, it may charitably be supposed, we owe the "archæological legacies" (p. 31) of the temple of *Niki Apteros*, and the "*Porta Caperia*." To him we may attribute the "*Bibliotheca Græca of Fabricius*," the identification of Lusitania with *Boetica*, and "*Mommson's History of Greece*." He it is that has enriched the catalogue of Greek authors with the names of *Hesijeh* and *Totian*, credited Aristophanes with a new comedy, the *Phitus*, and Plato with a hitherto unknown dialogue, the *Trinaus*; and he it is that makes the schools of Athens resound with the names of *Hermodus* and *Aristogeiton*. With regard to "*Jupiter Olympus*" (p. 117), "*Lucian's Pharsalia*" (p. 39), "*Apollonius Sidonius*" (p. 41), and "*Apollonius Rhodes*" (195), we are in doubt. The assertion (p. 202) that the "Egyptians were acquainted . . . with the

precision of the equinoxes" is so felicitous that we are unwilling to undertake the invidious task of determining its author. The remarkable statement (p. 167) that Pluto was king of the dead and "resided at Cadiz," may contain a humorous allusion to the naughty girls of whom Byron speaks; but the obvious rhyme suggests an easy emendation.

In other instances, we must go back of the compositor to Mr. Tredwell's note-book. Thus, we shall be enabled to explain "the satires of Decimus (J. J. Gifford)," where the initials of the poet have evidently been transferred to his translator. Some such confusion underlies the burst of rhetoric (p. 170) about "the immortal folly of Sardanapalus, who is said to have cast himself into the crater of *Ætna*," and the hardly less highly wrought passage (p. 157) in which the "rhetorical diatribes of the elder Seneca" are designated as "manifestoes of stoic invectives in the Flavian era" and compared with the letters of Junius. The enumeration of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, among the great stoics, is, we fear, intentional, the result of a classification of all mankind as either perverse Christians or virtuous stoics. The historian Polybius, as founder of the "*Dogmatici*," "Quintilian's history of ancient literature," and Silius Italicus's history of the second Punic war, can readily be accounted for. But there remain darker problems which no ingenuity of type-setter or confusion in note-book can illumine for us. Of these is the note on page 168: "Homer speaking of Calypso, a daughter of Atlas, one of the Titans, who were great navigators and knew all the soundings of the deep, says: They had also long pillars or obelisks, which referred to the sea, and upon which was delineated the whole system of both heaven and earth (*amphis*), all around, both in front of the obelisk and on the other sides." We presume Mr. Tredwell had in mind the lines of the *Odyssey* thus translated by Bryant:

"The daughter of wise Atlas, him who knows  
The ocean to its utmost depths, and holds  
Upright the lofty columns which divide [lit., hold apart]  
The earth from heaven."

But even allowing for the translation of *amphis* by "all around" instead of "apart," we are utterly at a loss to conjecture the intellectual process by which this astonishing note was concocted. It must remain a mystery, like the Latin verses on page 52, and the Greek oracle to Hannibal (p. 204), which as the compositor has left it reminds us of nothing in heaven or earth, unless it be the Greek citations in the "North American Review" and in the American reprints of English monthlies.

But the reader is doubtless weary of these details, and after pointing out these curiosities of Mr. Tredwell's erudition, it is only fair to say that his book, in spite of its total lack of

\* A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA. Or, the First Ten Decades of Our Era. By Daniel M. Tredwell. New York: Frederic Tredwell.



criticism and accuracy, presents a tolerably readable account of the half-fabulous tradition concerning one of the most interesting of the many strange figures of the early empire. The life of Apollonius of Tyana was nearly coincident with the first century of our era. An Asiatic Greek, as were Lucian, Dion Chrysostomos, and Maximus of Tyre, he united in himself many features of the travelling rhetoricians, sophists, sages, and thaumaturgists, who were the *littérateurs*, popular preachers, barefoot friars and spiritualistic "mediums" of the time. The wandering sage, however, predominated in him, as the *littérateur* in Lucian, the rhetorician in Maximus of Tyre, and the philosopher in Plotinus. Of the actual details of his life we have no certain knowledge. Like other sages of Greek tradition, he travelled extensively, making his own the lore of the Brahmans and Egyptians; and, like the contemporary rhetoricians, he preached to the mixed populace of the Hellenic cities of Asia Minor, rebuked the degenerate Hellenes of Greece proper with their contrast to their ancestors, and contributed to the tempering by epigrams of the despotism of the Roman emperors. Miraculous powers were attributed to him, and he obtained such a hold on the popular imagination as to win a place in the Pantheon of the many and strange divinities that competed with Christianity for the devotion of a world whose own creeds were all outworn. It is this fact that has lent him an interest in the history of thought.

The age, like our own, was in search of a creed, a type, an ideal; and for two or three centuries its voice was very uncertain, as of an infant crying in the night, and with no language but a cry. The old family, tribal, and city religions were dead beyond all hope of galvanization back to life. Philosophic dreamers—a Plutarch, a Plotinus, a Julian,—might seek nourishment for their souls in the baseless visions of a pseudo-Platonism. Hard-headed cultured scholars like Lucian could find all the redemption they needed in the Attic muse, and could contemplate with Platonic irony or Aristophanic mirth the weltering chaos of superstitions about them. A Marcus Aurelius, counting reason ripe within, could guide his course by the fixed austere stars of duty and equanimity. But the masses of this Greco-Roman empire in a world of confusion and sin, if they were to escape a worse than Byzantine stagnation of soul, needed a strong fresh moral impulse, a concrete faith, a new inspiration and hope, a new human type. The experience of our own time warrants us in saying that when an age is in want of a religion the demand is met by only too abundant and varied a supply. The worshipper who had lost his faith in Jupiter Optimus Maximus and the old guardians of the Roman State was offered every kind of

Godhead, from the ineffable and unknowable One of the Neo-platonists down to the serpent divinity of Alexander of Abonoteichos; and every type of teacher and guide, from the stern self-controlled wise man of the Stoics, the ascetic cynic, the visionary Platonist, to the Jew who interpreted dreams beyond the Tiber, the mystic priest of Isis, or the ape of Indian ascetics who mounted the funeral pyre alive at Olympia. Among these figures, that of Apollonius, as it has been handed down to us, is not the least noble. Our knowledge of him is almost entirely derived from the biography of Philostratus, a *littérateur* at the court of the Emperor Severus about the beginning of the third century. The work of Philostratus must not be read as a history. It is rather a biographical romance of the type brought into vogue by the Neo-pythagoreans. How far the Apollonius of Philostratus is historical, we cannot tell. The interest of the figure for us is that it embodies the religious and philosophic ideal that a clever Greek writer of the third century chose to put before a prince whose chamber is said to have been adorned with the busts of Chrestus and Orpheus. Hence the lack of inward unity and organic symmetry in the figure as presented to us. On the one hand, Apollonius is the Pythagorean sage, wearing linen, keeping the sacred lustrum of silence, abstaining from animal food, and by these austerities acquiring the miraculous powers essential to the ideal teacher of a superstitious age: the gift of tongues in Asia, the power to detect and banish Lamia at Corinth, the power to raise the dead daughter of the ruler at Rome. On the other hand, he is the Greek travelling sophist and rhetorician whose positive intelligence rejects and shrinks from all supernatural pretensions, who mingles in the intrigues of imperial politics, preaches to the Greek cities through which he passes the diluted Platonic morality of the time in a language full of literary reminiscences and affectation, and manifests at all times and places the jealous phil-hellenic spirit so characteristic of the lettered Greek in every age. A century later than the biography of Philostratus, when the wearisome literature of confutations and apologies was at its height, the good Bishop Eusebius, with unerring polemical tact, seized on this point in his reply to one Hierocles. The latter, in his "Words of Truth for the Christians" (there is really nothing new under the sun in theological polemics), had opposed Apollonius to Christ as an ideal religious figure. Eusebius, in his reply, contrasts the shamefaced and uncertain attribution of miraculous powers to Apollonius by Philostratus with the triumphant certainty of the Christian writers. The Apollonius of tradition is too wonderful for a man and not miraculous enough for a god, he says. There is undoubtedly a great



difference between the simple faith with which the miracles of the New Testament are related and the rationalizing hesitation with which Philostratus half affirms and half denies the marvels attributed to his hero. But in the face of the vast body of criticism in our day which rejects the *sur-naturel particulier* everywhere alike, it is perhaps profitable to dwell rather on a more important distinction between the gospel of Matthew and that of Philostratus. Otherwise we shall be left to explain the greatest historical problem of the empire, the cause of the triumph of Christianity over Judaism, Neo-platonism, and the religion of Mithras, by the mechanical and external methods of Gibbon, or to regard it, with Mr. Tredwell, as an inexplicable victory of the powers of darkness over that "Stoic philosophy" which for him includes all the good that Christianity has not extinguished. The distinction of which we speak has already been indicated. It is to be sought not in the more or less of miracle or of its attestation. Every creed of the time offered miracles which, whatever their basis in fact, were sufficiently well attested for the credulous populace of the empire. It does not lie in the abstract moral content of the doctrine. A little ingenuity would gather from the writings of the rhetoricians of the time a florilegia of Platonizing ethical sayings which, as abstract principles, would not differ essentially from the highest formulas of New Testament morality. The difference lies deeper: in the unity, simplicity and unaffectedness of the character of Jesus, in the incomparable freshness, beauty and directness of the utterances treasured up and recorded by his disciples. *Cum duo dicunt idem non est idem*. High moral principles in the mouth of an itinerant lecturer, interspersed with antiquarian and philosophic disquisitions and set off with all the outworn graces and allurements of a rhetoric in its dotage, are one thing; and the fresh and lovely utterance of the same truths direct from the heart of a teacher of unmatched beauty and harmony of life, unweighted by any sophisticated consciousness of effete literary traditions, are another and very different thing. There is a difference here past the finding out of philosophy, or rather a difference which a superficial and acrid philosophy overlooks just because it makes abstraction of all that really moves the hearts and souls of men. It was the Sermon on the Mount and the beauty and unity of Jesus's life that in the course of the second and third centuries gradually drew over to Christianity most of the stronger and more earnest moral natures of the time, and so, since morality is of the nature of things, assured its ultimate triumph. All the rest—miracles, apologies and martyrdoms, the subtleties of metaphysical Greeks, the decrees of church councils, the patronage or persecu-

tions of emperors—all the causes on which the philosophic or scientific historian loves to dwell, were mere machinery.

PAUL SHOREY.

#### THE RUSSIAN STORM-CLOUD.\*

The latest utterances of Stepniak, as they reach us in the series of papers grouped under the title of "The Russian Storm-Cloud," are more calm and subdued than is usual with this fervid apostle of the Nihilists. It was his aim in these dissertations to put a strong bridle on his tongue, to maintain a dispassionate manner, and speak of what he knew in place of what he thought. "I have done my best," he declares in the preamble, "to make it [his speech] as objective as possible, describing our country rather than advocating any opinion, exposing facts which might enable the reader to draw his conclusions instead of forcing on him my own." His "best" has proved good indeed; for he has exhibited a large power of self-control, discussing questions which affect him most vitally, in a temperate and deliberate tone which commands respect and appeals to the reason.

His discourse is instructive; it helps us to a clearer understanding of the internal condition of the great Muscovite empire; yet when it is ended, the problem with which the Nihilists are struggling remains still inexplicable. Given, a nation embracing over a hundred millions of people, of whom more than eighty-two millions are peasants, illiterate, bigoted, obstinate, stolid, petrified with the apathy of oriental races; with a small but ignorant and corrupt middle-class composed of merchants, enriched burghers, country usurers and tavern-keepers; with a profligate and equally corrupt aristocracy, consisting exclusively of civil and military officials; and over all, an autocrat who is supposed to be the sole and absolute dictator of the laws under which his subjects exist,—and how, with such elements, is a satisfactory measure of liberty to be infused into the institutions of the state? how is the dream of the Nihilists—a republic like that of the United States—to be accomplished? Are there patriots and statesmen in Russia equal to the herculean task? Are there sage and clear-sighted men in other countries, with freer view and wider experience, who can divine how this difficult question, interposed in our nineteenth century civilization, may be rightly and effectually settled?

In the first chapters of Stepniak's essay he professes to deal with the contending princi-

\*THE RUSSIAN STORM-CLOUD; or, Russia in her Relation to Neighboring Countries. By Stepniak, author of "Russia Under the Tsars," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ples of modern Russia—Liberty and Despotism—as they affect the safety and welfare of the neighboring European states. In defining the demands of the Nihilists he denies that they are merely destructionists, that they rejoice in deeds of violence or desire the abolition of political and social order. “By our general convictions,” he says, quoting from a manifesto published by his party, “we are socialists and democrats,” desiring, in a word, only that degree of freedom which is accorded the citizens of a republic or a constitutional monarchy, and which affords them the means of a peaceful and regular development. Further, he states:

“That the Nihilists are Atheists, is quite true; but to say that they are striving to destroy religion, is quite false. First, among the instructed classes of every description, which until now have furnished the largest contingent of revolutionists, there is nothing left to destroy; because among our educated classes Atheism is as general a doctrine as Christianity is in England. It is the national religion of our educated classes, and as such it has already had time to acquire the state of happy indifference which, according to Thomas Buckle’s opinion, is the best guarantee of religious tolerance. In this particular, Russia differs greatly from all European countries, France and Italy included. I will not dwell on this peculiarity, due to the history and present character of our Church. I simply state an undeniable fact.”

Stepniak here speaks, it will be seen, solely of the educated classes. The peasants as a whole attend strictly to the outward ceremonies of the church, and believe implicitly in Christ, the Virgin Mary, and innumerable saints; albeit their religion is in its essence more heathenish than Christian. The secular priests, who administer the ordinary offices of the church, are an ignorant, oppressed, and despised class, enjoying neither esteem nor reverence as moral teachers and shepherds of the people. As yet, the Nihilists have gained few adherents among the peasantry, who are as a body blindly devoted to their great father, the Tzar. They are inaccessible to progressive ideas. “If you are a propagandist,” says Stepniak, “going among the peasants, do not follow the traditional precept of addressing new ideas to the new generations. You will be entirely disappointed and dispirited by their utter frivolity. You must win the ear of their elders, who in the villages seem to have engrossed the intellectual activity and the social instincts of the whole community.”

Among the workmen in the towns, who are drawn almost exclusively from the “Mirs” or agricultural communities, Nihilism has made some gains, but after incredible efforts. When first approached by the propagandists, as Stepniak relates, “they were so ignorant of politics that they could not conceive how the simple talking about the poverty of the peasants, the unjust distribution of taxes, and so forth, might be an object of importance in itself.

The propagandists, in order to facilitate the acquirement of social knowledge for their disciples, taught them to read. The workmen thought that we were simply good-hearted schoolmasters out of employment.” This was in St. Petersburg in 1871. But slowly the work has advanced. After the passage of eight or nine years, “the St. Petersburg workmen’s organization, known under the name of the Northern Workmen’s League, was composed of about 200 to 300 members, divided into fifteen to twenty groups, working in various quarters of the capital, having their regular secret meetings, their own finances, and their central governing committee to dispose of the material means and the *personnel* of the organization.”

It is the belief of Stepniak that the workmen of St. Petersburg are at present no less imbued with revolutionary ideas than the youth of the educated classes, and that in the large towns of Southern and Western Russia the seed of disaffection is sufficiently diffused to render them very “unsafe” to the government. Nevertheless, the conditions of a purely civil revolution are hopeless. The cities, where alone the revolutionary spirit has opportunity for expansion, contain but a moiety of the population of Russia. There are only thirteen towns in the whole empire in which the inhabitants number over 100,000. Paris includes within its limits one-seventeenth of the population of France; whereas St. Petersburg contains less than one-hundredth part of the people of Russia. In St. Petersburg, too, there are, as Stepniak states, “two soldiers for every workman; and in the case of the prolongation of street-fighting for a few days there would be twice as many. . . . The only insurrection having a chance of success in Russia is that which combines the advantages of surprise with energy; an insurrection which paralyzes the whole governmental machinery by striking from within, while, in the meantime, other forces are attacking it from without.”

The liberal movement, according to Stepniak, has made rapid progress in the ranks of the army. In 1881–82, about two hundred military officers were placed under arrest, and traces of conspiracy were discovered in fourteen of the great military centres of the empire. It was proved, by judicial inquiry, that an organization for overthrowing the autocracy united the army and navy, having its seat in St. Petersburg, and numbering among its active members officers of the garrison of the capital and of the navy of Cronstadt.

The emancipation act, planned by Alexander II. for the good of his people, has involved landholders and peasants in a common ruin. The former, incapable of industry, thrift, and careful management, have already been forced

to give up one-fourth of their estates; while another fourth has been mortgaged to the territorial banks.

"The careful statistical inquiries of the Moscow Zemstvo have startled all Russia, showing that in this province, possessing so enormous a market as the old capital, the estates of the landed gentry are in total ruin; the area of cultivated land is diminished to four-fifths, sometimes to one-quarter of its former amount. In many districts there is no culture at all. The forests are wasted; even dairy farming, so profitable near the great towns, is in a most dejected state. Voices coming from all parts of the vast empire are repeating the same sad dirge. 'The land yields nothing,' is the general outcry of the nobility; and they rush from the country to the towns in quest of some employment in the state service or liberal professions, leaving the land either uncultivated or abandoning it to the wasteful cultivation of cottiers, or selling it to new men—some wealthy tavern-keeper or former manager of serfs—who are more fitted for the new mode of carrying on business in the villages."

The peasantry, on the other hand, are being reduced to penury and starvation by a system of exorbitant taxation.

"They are the chief, not to say the sole, taxpayers, as they have been before, and will be in the future, as long as the autocracy exists. Of the total budget of the state, the peasants, possessing only 30 per cent. of the cultivable soil, pay no less than 83 per cent., leaving to landowners and capitalists, having twice as much landed property and five times as much capital, only 17 per cent. . . . Mr. One, one of our best authorities on economical questions, has made the stirring discovery that the average consumption of bread, which is the almost exclusive food of our peasantry, has diminished during the years 1861-79 at about 14 per cent."

A report on the sanitary condition of Russia, read before a society of Russian surgeons, calling attention to the enormous mortality among the people, "surpassing normally what in other countries is considered the precursor of epidemic disease," pointed out the fact that

"In England, when the death-rate approaches 23 in 1,000, a regular inquiry and sanitation of the district is prescribed by law, the case being recognized as an abnormal one. In Russia the death-rate per 1,000 was above 31, sometimes as high as 35. And the first cause of this frightful mortality is stated simply and eloquently to be *deficiency of food (bread)*.—*Novosty*, 17th (30th) December, 1885."

Even the Russian *moujik* can be roused from the spell of patient endurance and dense stolidity which centuries of servitude have imposed on him, and here and there the ominous murmur of peasant insurrections suggests the desperate part he may yet take in the upheaval of the government. The Nihilists are few in number, and realize the forlorn prospect of their unaided endeavors. The average life of each outlaw, or "illegal man," as Stepniak names the members of the fraternity, is limited to two years. He knows from the outset that he is doomed to punishment and death. "That is a consideration that does not weigh with

him for a moment. . . . He is only concerned to crowd into the brief term of life allotted to him the greatest possible number of services to the cause of liberty and of injuries to the common enemy." He counts on the sympathy of the intelligent class who expect in time to become an insurrectionary force, and meanwhile have "no disposition to be squeamish about the means resorted to by the more desperate spirits; the inequality of the forces pitted one against the other is so well appreciated—the wrongs, the griefs, the outrages, are so intimately felt—that everything is justified, everything applauded, provided the blow strikes to the heart of the enemy, and the serpent that strangles the whole nation is made to writhe." He counts likewise, in case the crisis is delayed, upon the assistance of the peasantry, when, goaded by famine, they rise against their oppressors in a passion of wild and relentless fury.

Stepniak invokes the interest of Western Europe in the success of the Nihilist cause, by depicting the favorable influences which a constitutional monarchy or a republic in Russia will have upon the adjoining nations.

"The transformation of the Northern Colossus from a gloomy centralized despotism into a vast union of self-governing states and provinces, the only form into which a free Russia can mold itself, will drive into a liberal evolution the whole of Central Europe. In Austria first, which otherwise will be unable to withstand for a year the great attractions of a free Russian federation on the masses of her Slavonic population; in Germany next, Prussian despotism will be unable to keep its hold, surrounded as it will be on all sides by free states. With it will fall the reign of brutality, encroachments, and, perhaps, the unendurable military terror now crushing and ruining all continental Europe."

The prophecy is a glad one. All liberty-loving people must desire its fulfillment; but in the light of the revelations which Stepniak has made with evident authenticity, we repeat the question, with increased perplexity: when and by what agencies shall the mediæval autocracy of Russia be resolved into a liberal and benign government framed in accord with the motives and tendencies of our age?

In the chapter on "The Russian Army and its Commissariat," Stepniak unfolds a hideous tale of the malversations habitually practised by army contractors and sustained by military officials of every grade. The army service is honeycombed with corruption, and any attempt by an honest man to correct the evil simply brings down a sure retribution upon his own head. The courage, the docility, the patience and the fortitude of the Russian character are wonderfully illustrated in these circumstances; for the Russian soldiery, despite the frightful abuses heaped on them by their superiors, have earned the repute of being among the bravest and stanchest troops in the world.



Stepniak discredits the notion which terrorizes the English mind, that Russia cherishes acquisitive designs regarding India. He understands too well the reasons which have forced her to extend her boundaries eastward, and bring under rigid subjection the fierce and lawless tribes creating perpetual warfare along her borders. In treating of "Young Poland and Russian Revolution," he advances the opinion that should the autocracy of Russia give place to a liberal government, Poland would not care to secede from the Empire.

"The reason is as simple as it is conclusive. In our times of great manufacturing industries and coming social changes, economical considerations weigh enormously in the political scale. . . . This small country (Poland) stands now at the head of our industries, which afford it a vast, we may say an unbounded, market for its products. A wise nation will think twice before forsaking this advantage for the mere pleasure of having a king or a president of its own. And the perfect mutual advantage between the most advanced political parties of both countries indicates that the time is close at hand when the old barrier of hatred dividing both nations will give place to a better feeling."

In conclusion, Stepniak portrays the slow but sure approach of a revolt of the rural and the urban population, which shall effect such wholesome changes in the political condition of Russia as the revolution of 1789-93 has produced in France. His exposition is interesting. But the tissue of facts relating to the moral as well as political condition of the empire, which he brings to our consideration, discourages every hope of an immediate or extensive reform in the administration. There must be an infusion of integrity into the character of the Russian people, before any substantial amelioration of their circumstances can be established. A change must be wrought, amounting to a regeneration of the race, and along with this a lifting of the nation to the plane of common intelligence, ere it is fit for the trusts and the responsibilities of self-government. Such transformations are the outgrowth of ages; and it is not yet two hundred years since Peter the Great transferred his capital to the Niva, that he might let in the light of European civilization upon his barbaric dominions.

SARA A. HUBBARD.

#### A LANDMARK IN GEOLOGIC SCIENCE.\*

The distinguished professor of geology in Oxford University has given us the first volume of a treatise which, like Lyell's "Principles," will constitute a landmark in the progress of the science. Less of a scientific traveller than Lyell, Professor Prestwich has for many

years been known as an investigator of wide observation, and has long held a prominent position among English geologists. Indeed, it is more than fifty years since his earliest investigations were given to the world, and he has well been characterized as "the Nestor of British Geology." He has held the chair of Geology at Oxford since 1874, being the successor of the world-renowned Professor Phillips, himself the author of a general work which, after the lapse of a third of a century, has been deemed still worthy of a recent new edition.

This manual of Professor Prestwich is the fruitage of a life of original investigation and many years of experience as instructor. No one can turn over its pages without being impressed by the conviction that the author has followed no master. His method is distinctly his own, and his matter to a large extent has been supplied from the stores of his own observation and reflection. Though a veteran in the field, he is not the *fossil* which we find in some aged German professors who have continued in the avocation of authorship. He is conversant with the new masters as well as the old, though in a few instances we think he betrays a partiality for his old and familiar friends. He has availed himself of the important results of the celebrated Challenger Expedition, and has drawn freely from the United States Government reports, and from the Arctic travels of Dr. Kane. Some of his most striking illustrations are from American sources. The work is illustrated by 218 wood-cuts in the text, and six folded illustrations. The latter include a geological map of the world reduced from the large map of Professor Jules Marcon, revised and with additions. Also a map of active and more recently extinct volcanoes, from Darwin, Mallet, and others; and of the areas affected by earthquake shocks, reduced, with alterations, from Mallet's map. Also a map of the coral islands and great coral reefs, areas of elevation and subsidence, the chief ocean currents and isothermal lines for both hemispheres—all from recent and best sources.

As the reader may desire some more precise intimation of the nature and range of subjects embraced in the present volume, we state that the author, after a chapter on the object and methods of geology, treats of the constituents of the earth's crust, the composition and classification of rocks, and results of the decomposition of the igneous and metamorphic rocks. The course of the discussion of physical and dynamical data is here interrupted, to note the place and range of past life on the earth. Sedimentation and erosion are treated in three chapters, and the agency of water and ice in three. Volcanoes and earthquakes are discussed with a masterly originality, and here the author introduces the theory first broached by him at the York meeting of the British Association,

\* GEOLOGY, Chemical, Physical, and Stratigraphical. By Joseph Prestwich, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S. In two volumes. Vol. I., Chemical and Physical. New York: Macmillan & Co.



and more recently elaborated before the Royal Society. Coral islands are duly discussed, and disturbances of strata are treated in two chapters. This subject leads to the consideration of mountains and of metalliferous deposits. Igneous rocks and metamorphism form the themes of the last five chapters.

The point of view from which geological history is considered by the author may be best indicated by a few passages from the preface:

"The fundamental question of *time and force* has given rise to two schools, one of which adopts uniformity of action in all time—while the other considers that the physical forces were more active and energetic in geological periods than at present. On the continent and in America, the latter view prevails; but in this country the theory of uniformity has been more generally held and taught. To this theory I have always seen very grave objections; so I felt I should be supplying a want, by placing before the student the views of a school which, until of late, has hardly had its exponent in English text-books. The eloquence and ability with which Uniformitarianism has been advocated, furthered by the palpable objections to the extreme views held by some eminent geologists of the other school, led in England to its very wide acceptance. But it must be borne in mind that uniformitarian doctrines have probably been carried further by his followers than by their distinguished advocate Sir Charles Lyell, and also, that the doctrine of Non-uniformity must not be confounded with a blind reliance on catastrophes; nor does it, as might be supposed from the tone of some of its opponents, involve any questions respecting uniformity of law, but only those respecting uniformity of action."

The author appears to hold to the golden mean between extreme Catastrophism as taught by Cuvier and the elder Agassiz, and stereotyped Uniformitarianism, carried too far, undoubtedly, by Lyell, but pushed to absurd limits by certain dabblers who considered that view the strongest support of the theory of evolution in the inorganic realm.

It is cheering to find the public interest in geological science such as to justify the publication of a second great English manual within a brief period. Geikie's treatise in Great Britain, Dana's "Manual" in America, Credner's *Elemente der Geologie* in Germany, and de Lapparent's *Traité de la Géologie* in France—all recent or in recent editions—might seem to occupy the field; but Prestwich's bears so much the impress of another personality and another method, that no one can read its pages without feeling that the demand for it was real. It is a work to be commended not only to intelligent novices but to well-read experts. It is not suited, however, to serve as a text-book in American colleges in the study of the elements, which, unfortunately, mark the limits of geological study in the vast majority of cases. For this purpose it is no more appro-

priate than the encyclopædic treatises just mentioned. But for advanced study, it forms an admirable text-book. For elementary work of collegiate grade, no fully satisfactory text-book or guide exists as yet in America. We have a considerable number of books on the one hand which are too meagre, and the great manuals, on the other hand, which are too copious. Here is a field to be occupied.

ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

The writing of a novel at the present day is mainly a matter of the construction of an ingenious plot and the management of clever conversations. Through the brilliant verbal passages-at-arms in which the various personages of such a work engage, we look in vain for indications of any real conception of character; while the various and intricate situations, ignorant of all deeper purpose, act only as stimulants to the jaded sense. Each year brings its hundreds of volumes of which no more than this may be said. And the same round of relations, outlined with the same affectations of description and of speech, enforces the still unheeded lesson that for the literature of mediocrity there is indeed nothing new under the sun. We have gone very far in nicety of expression, but it can profit little if there is nothing to be expressed, if insight and the power of building up in the organic fashion have failed to make their contribution to the

\* WHOM GOD HATH JOINED. By Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A VICTORIOUS DEFEAT. By Wolcott Balestier. New York: Harper & Brothers.

EAST ANGELS. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CHILDREN OF THE EARTH. By Annie Robertson Macfarlane. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

FELLOW TRAVELLERS: A Story. By Edward Fuller. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

LIVING OR DEAD. By Hugh Conway. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

COURT ROYAL. By S. Baring-Gould. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE MARK OF CAIN. By Andrew Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE WIND OF DESTINY. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MIDGE. By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. DESMOND, U. S. A. By John Coulter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A VITAL QUESTION; or, What is to be done? By Nikolai G. Tchernishevsky. Translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole and S. S. Skidelsky. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

THE KING'S TREASURE HOUSE. A Romance of Ancient Egypt. By Wilhelm Walloth. From the German, by Mary J. Safford. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

— ALIETTE (LA MORTE). By Octave Feuillet. Translated from the French by J. Henry Hager. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

work. Even the novel of tendency, as the Germans call it, is better worth having than the average contemporary fiction. Although between it and genuine art there is still a great gulf fixed, it has at least the merit of seriousness, and an aim more akin to the creative than is that of the every-day novelist's work.

The novel to which we wish first to call attention impels these observations, however, rather by contrast than by example. "Whom God Hath Joined" is a work by which our popular purveyors of fiction might profit in several respects. It has no plot worth speaking of, and will probably be voted "slow" by the public which systematically reads all the new novels. Neither the conversations which it contains nor the matter which introduces them can be called clever; in fact, the author seems to have carefully avoided making them so. But the principal characters appear with great distinctness; and they play the part, not of puppets nor of mouth-pieces, but of living and soul-possessing examples of humanity, while the language in which their lives are set forth is as admirable in its firmness and precision as in its freedom from any sort of affectation. The book is chiefly interesting as a psychological study. Religious discussion is not the most promising material for a novel, but it is the chief element in the composition of this one. The narrow religious life of a generation ago, as exhibited in a small Eastern city, and the spiritual growth of an exceptionally precocious child, instinctively reaching out for clearer air and a wider view, form its theme. Such a study of the influence of instinct in shaping a life presents great difficulties and makes unusual demands upon the sympathies and the knowledge of a writer. It is much easier to trace the development of a nature fitted for the environment which circumstances have provided than of one which has to grope about to find the conditions needed for its healthy expansion. Mrs. Martin has dealt very successfully with this difficult task. She has subtly analyzed the processes of growth, whereby the child of her imagination rises, in womanhood, to the spiritual level which her nature demands. In this particular case, the level is found in the religion of the Roman Catholic church, whose historical continuity and impressive dignity of organization satisfy the cravings of a nature which is cramped upon the plane of the "jarring sects" of Protestantism. It is evident that the author would have this solution of the problem to be the true one and applicable in all cases. Those who can see in this particular instance only a case of arrested development, or even of retrogression, can still hardly refuse to admit the force with which the case is presented from the author's standpoint. Of the story proper, little need be said, as it is devised solely for

the illustration of the central idea. Its descriptive and dramatic passages are remarkably good. The dramatic force appearing near the close makes one wish that the writer could have found some means of displaying it at an earlier stage. That it is not thus displayed is one of many indications of the exercise of a rare restraint upon her part. The earnestness of this book makes it more acceptable, in spite of its rather tedious religious discussions, than any of the host of trifling fictions that amuse for an hour and are forgotten.

The prominence of the religious motive, together with a number of other circumstances, makes this book strongly suggestive of another recent novel. "A Victorious Defeat" bears the name of Wolcott Balestier as its author, and is, like the work just now under discussion, the story of a young girl whose healthy nature outgrows the narrow and unwholesome religious environment of the community in which her early years are passed. The general resemblance, however, is not carried into detail. The community here in question is one of the Moravian villages of Pennsylvania, and the early part of the present century is the time of action. Here the love story is the principal thing, and not, as in Mrs. Martin's novel, merely an illustration of the religious argument. The literary faculty is not wanting in this author, but the only features of his work which make anything like a permanent impression are those which concern the peculiarities of the Moravian belief. He has given sympathetic study to this variety of religious organization, and his account of practices so singular and so unfamiliar derives an interest from the very novelty of their subject-matter.

Miss Woolson began the serial publication of "East Angels" a long time ago, and the readers of Harper's Magazine came, after a year or two, to regard the regular instalment of that story as one of the institutions of the periodical. Now that it is completed, and the publishers have issued it in book form, the portentous size of the story appears clearly, in spite of all devices of thin paper, narrow margin and compressed typography. Its excessive length is its greatest fault, for Miss Woolson has a fine literary faculty, but she is not one of the few writers who can be lengthy without being wearisome. If "East Angels" were reduced to about one-third of its present size it would deserve high praise, for it is based upon a powerful conception of the old antithesis of love and duty. This strong tale "of love that never found his earthly close" ought not to have been weakened by such diffuseness of workmanship. Far more than is necessary is made of the minor characters, and the author allows herself all sorts of irrelevancies for their own sake. Her attempt to portray a "child of nature" is more successful than

that of Mr. Grant Allen, although there are times when Miss Woolson's *Garda* reminds us not a little of Mr. Allen's *Maimie*. Incidentally, the book gives a fine and trustworthy picture of Florida, where its scene is laid.

To the class of clever, carefully constructed novels, which interest for an hour and are forgotten, belongs the work of Annie Robertson Macfarlane entitled "*Children of the Earth*." The title does not seem to have much special fitness, although it will do as well as any other. As it has already been given to the famous novel of Paul Heyse, it would perhaps have been better to find another name for the present work. So far as it has any significance at all, it seems to enter a claim upon the indulgence of the reader for the common frailties of humanity, and its characters are, as we should expect them to be, erring, suffering men and women, caught in "the world's great snare," living out imperfect lives to such commonplace tragedy of consummation as falls to the most of mankind. One of them—the heroine—has about her story some faint suggestion of that ideal solution of the difficult problem of existence which finds solace in beneficent labor for the common good; a far-off echo of the solution put forward by the wisest spirit of this century in the second part of his "*Faust*." The story is told without affectation, and with admirable taste and condensation. It is a creditable production because it is simple, and because it accomplishes its unpretending purpose.

"*Fellow Travellers*" is strictly a summer story, and a very commonplace one at that. In it some uninteresting people from Salem spend the summer at Posett, which seems to be a seaport town. There are two main episodes, that of the young man who marries the girl whose own antecedents are questionable and whose father's wealth is unquestionably ill-gotten, and that of the unnaturally protracted quarrel between two other characters of unlike sex. The writer, whose name appears as Edward Fuller, does not seem to have any of the qualifications of a novelist, and would act wisely in leaving the composition of fiction to those who have some equipment for the work.

"*Living or Dead*" is the not inappropriate title of the latest production of the posthumous activity of Hugh Conway. Since the author has become a disembodied spirit, new stories have flowed with unfailing regularity from his ghostly pen, and his works now number eight volumes, only three of which were published when he still walked the earth. What is even more singular is that they improve in quality as the years go by, for the one whose title has just been mentioned is in many respects the best of them all. This, of course, is asserting very little of the absolute value of these ingenious productions, but the

present story, which turns upon the familiar device of the villain in "*Much Ado About Nothing*," is an example of skilful instruction and straightforward narrative, and for these qualities we will not grudge it a word of commendation.

The latest production of that persistent *littérateur*, Mr. S. Baring-Gould, is a novel entitled "*Court Royal*." We cannot find anything to say in its favor. Its plot is a tissue of wild absurdities. It is without literary form, and void of everything but ingenuity. It is difficult to see how a reader can have the patience to go through with it, and it is simply impossible to understand how any one could have had the patience to write it. The story suggests a poor specimen of Wilkie Collins, without having even the slender merits exhibited by the sensational stories of that popular writer.

Who would have thought that Mr. Andrew Lang, with his exquisite poetical and literary talent, and with his tastes for Greek idylls and old French ballads and comparative mythology—who would have thought that he would be the next one to write a novel of ingenious villainy after the most approved French and English models? Whenever a man who counts his thousands of admirers for successes in other fields turns to that of fiction,—and what writer does not, at some time of his life, nowadays?—his friends approach the new work with a good deal of hesitancy. In Mr. Lang's case, apprehensions are quickly dispersed, however, for it is evident from the first chapter that his story is going to be enjoyable. "*The Mark of Cain*" is not a triumph of realism, it is not a piece of masterly psychological analysis, it does not even appear to have any serious purpose, but it is a capitally told story which offers to the multitude all the excitement they have a right to crave, and to the smaller circle of persons of discernment a special stimulus is given by its marked literary and scholarly flavor.

Mr. Thomas Hardy comes near to being the first English novelist now living. His work is of the most careful sort, and the acuteness of his observation of life deserves untinted praise. His realism is uncompromising, but realism has the upper hand in literature just at present. Yet there are distinctions that must not be allowed to slip out of sight. English provincial life is the field which Mr. Hardy has made peculiarly his own, and to which he has applied his photographic methods. Now in the artistic treatment of this very class of subjects we fortunately have a standard whereby the shortcomings of Mr. Hardy's work may be exactly measured. Those "*Scenes of Clerical Life*" whose extraordinary merit has been somewhat obscured by the later and more brilliant productions of their author



show, if they show anything, that genius can invest the humblest of persons, and those most closely circumscribed in the spheres of their activity, with a poetry and a pathos of the highest order. Mr. Hardy does nothing like this; he seems indeed to have no idea that it can be expected of him. His characters, and the situations in which he contrives to get them, excite the curiosity but rarely the sympathy of the reader. The lack of insight which calls for this criticism is a grave defect, and one which we do not willingly see in so exceptionally talented a writer. His characters, moreover, are little more than curiosities. They say and do such remarkable things that in spite of the realistic descriptions of their surroundings they are themselves essentially unreal. Mr. Hardy's sense of humor and his talent for the perverse construction of plots run away with what should be his better judgment. Such a plot as he delights in reminds one of nothing so much as of a fox engaged in escaping its pursuers. In this case the readers are the pursuers, and the fox that turns and doubles and tries to throw them off the scent is the secret of the plot. These devices are, we submit, unworthy of anything higher than the Hugh Conway type of novel. "The Mayor of Casterbridge" adds another to the list of stories in which the author has illustrated these peculiarities. Its details give delight, but no satisfaction is derivable from its whole. And there is no poetic or other justice in such an accumulation of miseries upon the only character who at all awakens our sympathies or shows himself capable of anything like heroism, great though his faults; while merit so negative as to border upon meanness prospers and is praised of men.

Turning now from the English novelist whose work is so perversely powerful, to his American namesake—Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy—we come to the most satisfactory piece of fiction that the season has brought forth. We can hardly say that "The Wind of Destiny" is a surprise, for all readers of "But Yet a Woman" know about what may be expected from its author's hands. We have in this novel the same chastened and poetic style, the same careful choice of incident, and the same concentration of emotion, that characterize its predecessors; and the characters are drawn for us in the same delicate purity of outline. Yet altogether, it does not seem quite the equal of the earlier work: it has less of substance, less of passion. Mr. Hardy's first novel was so evidently the product of long reflection and arduous toil, and it exhibited such a maturity of power, that it is not strange if his second one fall a little below the high standard of the other, which was in no ordinary sense a first effort, and in whose pages the struggles of the beginner left no trace.

Nevertheless, "The Wind of Destiny" is a very notable book on its own account, and it is made still more notable by its absolute divergence from the current popular methods in fiction. The master-workman in literature is known by his economy of words, which are its material. He rejects the easy methods of the photographic realism which tries to parade as literature, and applies himself to the more difficult task of idealization. He knows that for the expression of each thought and each relation there is one, and only one, fitting form of speech, and he sets out in resolute search of it. Mr. Hardy comes very near to being a master-workman. Every one of his works has a definite purpose and a telling effect. There is more "literature" in one of his pages than in a chapter by Mr. Howells or a volume by Mr. Crawford. He has now given America two of her very best novels. Nothing done by his contemporaries is likely to be longer remembered.

Mr. Bunner has found the material for his story "Midge" in the French quarter of New York City, and handles it with evident familiarity. A girl left an orphan at the age of twelve by parents of bohemian life; a bachelor of forty, once an officer in the army and now a physician, who takes the child under his guardianship and provides for her; and a young man who appears conveniently upon the scene some years later, when the child has grown to be a very attractive young lady and when her guardian discovers that he himself is in love with her; these are the elements of character which enter into Mr. Bunner's charming novel. It is simple and skilfully wrought, with here and there a bit of such humor as we should expect from the editor of "Puck," and now and then such a poetic touch as the author of "Airs from Arcady" would be expected to give it.

Life at one of our military stations could hardly be expected to furnish the material for a very thrilling narrative, and so Mr. John Coulter has not attempted to provide anything of the sort in his story called "Mr. Desmond, U. S. A." What he has done has been to give, in the form of an unpretending story, a faithful picture of the rather prosaic life and surroundings of one of our Western army posts. The military element is of so small consequence in American society that little is written about it and few have clear ideas concerning it. The popularity of Mrs. Custer's sketches would seem to indicate some considerable degree of curiosity upon the subject, and this Mr. Coulter's book will help to satisfy.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, the translator of Tolstoy's "Anna Karénina," has prepared, together with a gentleman bearing the suspiciously Slavonic name of S. S. Skidelsky, an English version of the most famous work of



the celebrated Tchernuishevsky. The work almost defies classification; but it has something of the form of a novel, and may be treated as such, due regard being had to its character as a social tract and to its thinly disguised presentation of several actual Russians now living. "A Vital Question"—for that is the title given to the translation—has little of the attractiveness of a work of fiction, and the medium of fiction is only chosen in order the more effectively to promulgate the theories of social relations to which the author has literally devoted his life. Industrial co-operation, the intellectual and social advancement of woman, and a greater freedom in the relations between the sexes, are the prominent ideas which receive expression in this singular book. Regarded from the artistic standpoint, it has no form or unity whatever; it is absolutely chaotic in its absence of plan or construction. It derives its interest mainly from the sincerity of the author's purpose, and from his strong personality. Tchernuishevsky is one of the most conspicuous victims of that barbarous absolutism which makes the Russia of to-day, as represented by its government, a standing disgrace to civilization, and almost justifies the excesses of Nihilism. He is one of those thinking men who are always dangerous to despotic governments, and he has been persecuted with a peculiar ferocity, from the time when his writings began to exert a marked influence upon the growth of liberal thought in Russia. Imprisonment, labor in the mines, and life at Yakutsk have done their work upon him, and he is now graciously permitted to live, a mental and physical wreck, under police surveillance at Astrakhan. Mr. Edmund Noble visited him there three years ago, and has introduced an account of him into the work entitled "The Russian Revolt." The book which we are now considering was written in prison, and first published in a periodical. It soon attracted the notice of the censorship, and was promptly prohibited. But the prohibition did not check its circulation, and it still exerted, and continues to exert, an immense influence. The translators claim that their work has been done with great care. Concerning this claim, we have these remarks to make: The text contains a plentiful and quite unnecessary sprinkling of Russian expressions, and has no pretense of style. Tchernuishevsky is essentially a man of the people, and his own language is colloquial and intensely idiomatic. But we should say that the translators, in attempting to reproduce this idiomatic character, had overdone the thing, as they make use of the most singular words and combination of words, and even of slang expressions. We have, moreover, a right to be very suspicious of a translation of which confession is made that in one of the scenes

the character of a principal actor "has been slightly mended, better to suit the American ideal of man." A liberty of this sort is absolutely unjustifiable. The school of critics which lays down the commandment "Thou shalt not commit translations" are certainly warranted in the procedure where such a violation of the rights of readers is concerned.

Two other and less important translations claim our attention. "The King's Treasure House" is from the German of William Walloth, and is an Egyptian romance in the approved Ebersian manner. It is a story of love and intrigue, worked out with less erudition than the author's prototype usually displays (which is perhaps an advantage), and with marked artistic feeling. We feel in its pages the glow as well as the stateliness of the ancient Egyptian life, as displayed to the vision of a writer of strong romantic propensities. He is more successful with the general picture than with the characters, who are made up of curiously conflicting elements.

The translation of M. Octave Feuillet's "La Morte," which is before us, is rather less satisfactory than the average piece of translation; which amounts to saying that it is very poor indeed. The book itself gives another illustration of talent, or possibly genius, perversely intent upon a didactic aim. The story is a simple one. An amiable nobleman, who is essentially a child of the present age both in his love of excitement and in his freedom from superstition, marries Aliette, a young girl of strangely religious nature who has been reared in the seclusion of provincial life among the associations and the memories of the past. She hopes by her love to reclaim him to the faith which is so large an element in her own life; and he, in turn, imagines that she will learn to take complacently the world of to-day, as yet unknown to her, and live happily in it. Both hopes are doomed to disappointment, and the gulf between their natures widens instead of closing. Love, however, remains between them as strong as ever, until the appearance upon the scene of the woman who is contrasted with Aliette, and whose character the story is really designed to display. This woman is young and beautiful, and she is also a "child of nature." In other words, she has been brought up without having any of the conventional beliefs and prejudices of the age imposed upon her. Unrestrained by foolish scruples, she wins the love of the nobleman, deftly poisons Aliette, whom she finds to be an obstacle to her ambition, and marries the husband. He discovers the crime long afterwards, when the subsequent conduct of his wife has prepared him to learn of it without great surprise, and he has the added grief of knowing that Aliette must have died believing him to be accessory to her murder. The

story is interesting for two reasons, of which the first is that it reflects a sentiment very common among cultivated Frenchmen, and which is responsible for some peculiarities of the French social organization. The idea that religious belief, although by no means to be supported upon intellectual grounds, is somehow a graceful thing for a woman to have, has given rise to that anomalous condition of things whereby in France the most widespread unbelief is brought face to face with intense faith and narrow clericalism. Men who are free themselves encourage their wives to remain in intellectual bondage, and the problem is handed down unsolved to another generation. The other reason for which this story interests us is that it reveals the author caught by one of the most widespread of fallacies. If he has sought to do anything in the story, it has been to inculcate the lesson that the actions of men and women are regulated by the external sanction; that an inner ethical sense has no power, unaided, to influence the conduct; that a removal of the restraints, the hopes and the fears, imposed by religious belief, is a removal of all that impels to nobility of life. The author would have us believe this woman to be criminal because she is irreligious; whereas he would come much nearer to the truth of human nature were he to transpose the cause and the effect, and recognize that character is a far deeper thing than belief, often fashioning it, but never fashioned by it.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

WE have received the lives of two English statesmen of great distinction—among the highest for ability, but whose reputation for integrity is not on a par with their genius: Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke. In neither case do we note any of that besetting sin of biographers, the disposition to whitewash a besmirched character. The two men are made to appear, not so bad perhaps as they have been sometimes represented, but certainly bad enough. Of these the worst and ablest was Bolingbroke, whose life is written by J. C. Collins and published by Harper & Bros. This essay (or rather collection of essays, which were originally published in the *Quarterly Review*) is in three parts: Political life of Lord Bolingbroke, Bolingbroke in Exile, and Literary life of Lord Bolingbroke. To these are appended an essay upon Voltaire in England, reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*. Mr. H. D. Traill's "Shaftesbury" (Appleton) belongs to the series of "English Worthies," edited by Andrew Lang, in which volumes upon Darwin and Marlborough have already appeared. Lord Shaftesbury's career is certainly more open to excuse and justification than that of Lord Bolingbroke, and his biographer shows that, while far from an upright statesman, he yet by no means deserves the unmeasured cen-

sure he has received from Lord Macaulay and Lord Campbell. Each of these men had a character which, in spite of (perhaps we may say by reason of) its very faults, is singularly attractive to the student, and a career which is hardly second to any in interest. Each of these volumes is written in a forcible and graphic style, and embodies the results of careful study and equally sound historic judgment. While the traditional reputation of both is shown to be on the whole deserved, there is no wholesale and indiscriminating abuse, and the men appear before us with their human faults and foibles, and also their human excellences. Taken together, the two books contain a nearly continuous history of England from the Restoration to the accession of the House of Hanover.

THE well-known "Epochs" series of small histories, already three in number, have found a companion in the "Epochs of Church History," edited by Rev. Mandell Creighton and published by A. D. F. Randolph. The first volume is "The Reformation in England," by Rev. Geo. G. Perry. The point of view of this writer is sound and profitable. We have learned so much in late years of the discreditable side of this event—the licentiousness of Henry, the greed of his courtiers, the ambition of Cromwell, the subserviency of Cranmer,—that it has almost seemed sometimes as if it were a thing to be ashamed of, in which the bad far outweighed the good. Mr. Perry does not try to apologize for these scandals; he mentions them, and in brief terms admits their truth. But they are a secondary concern with him. His aim is first of all to trace the underlying causes of the revolt against Rome, and to show the necessary nature of the revolution, which was sometimes helped and sometimes hindered by these accompanying abuses. It is easy to see that the causes, religious and social, which made the Reformation triumphant in half Europe, and almost triumphant in large communities of the other half, existed in full in England; and the historical student knows that in hardly any country was the temper of the people so well prepared for a change as here. This book will therefore accomplish a good purpose, if it directs attention to the English Reformation itself rather than to its incidents—an effect which could not be accomplished by indiscriminating apologists like Mr. Froude and Dr. Geikie.

"HABIT and its Importance in Education" is an essay on pedagogical psychology, translated from the German of Dr. Paul Radestock by Fannie A. Caspari, and published by D. C. Heath & Co. The philosophy of the book is well summarized in the introduction by Dr. G. Stanley Hall. Education as a science and teaching as a profession must be based upon psychology. Education is progressive habituation, and good habits are even more important than good principles. "What makes the novice a master is the power of the brain to lay up earlier stimuli in the form of dispositions." The little book is crammed with facts calculated to give the teacher a more living hold of the old truism that habit is the tap-root of the human tree: without it a man is but as sargasso or Dakota "tumble-weed." Many of the philosophical passages are so vague and blind as to render the book hardly suitable for summer reading, except as a sedative. The effort to assign a given meaning to certain sentences which might

be quoted is observed to have a narcotic effect, and may be prescribed with some confidence in cases of insomnia. As Dr. Hall vouches for the author's lucidity, this want of clearness must be laid at the translator's door. To be frank, it seems evident that the translation should be carefully revised. The following sentence, purporting to be by Goethe, is one of the mildest examples of the many with which something seems to be wrong: "Subjects give no ruler more attention than him who commands without setting the example himself." If Goethe wrote that, he was doing what some readers of this book (haply the reviewer himself) may be even now doing: nodding. Dr. Hall is undoubtedly right in deeming the book of considerable educational importance; and in the absence of a clearer translation, readers who manage to keep their wits about them through the abstract and argumentative portions will find the rest of the treatise amply instructive and suggestive.

EVERY attempt to explain and arrange the teachings of Delsarte is of interest to the student of expression. The latest effort is that of Prof. Moses True Brown, of the Boston School of Oratory, in a volume entitled "The Philosophy of Expression" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Brown says in his preface: "There is to-day no such body of systematized knowledge left by this great teacher, and open to the world, as, standing alone and without interpretation, merits the title of a philosophy of expression." The Professor's formulation of and deductions from the philosophy of Darwin and Mantegazza stand themselves occasionally in need of such interpretation. On careful reading, however, the drift of the thought is apparent. This book, read in connection with a recent one by Genevieve Stebbins, throws considerable light on the Delsarte teachings; but there is much still in the expounded system that is misty as well as mystic. Delsarte surely discovered the central truth of expression, and gives laws for the working from the centre out; but the development of his suggestive thoughts must wait for a master mind—a Darwin or a Spencer. The underlying principle of the Delsarte philosophy is, that the mental, moral and vital nature in man finds expression in the three modes of motion: motion to a centre, accentric; motion from a centre, eccentric; motion about a centre, concentric. The vital nature translates itself in eccentric motion; the mental, in accentric; the moral, in concentric. The practical working out of this law is clearly stated in Professor Brown's book. We would suggest to the student, uninitiated in the mysteries of Delsarte, that he should omit the first two chapters and read from the third on, skimming over the abstractions. He may then be encouraged to turn back and read the comprehensible parts of the philosophy. A very small portion of the book is original with its author. As a compilation from various excellent sources, it has its place and use.

The few short essays which constitute the literary remains of Eleanor Putnam (Mrs. Arlo Bates) have been gathered by the loving hands of her husband into a little volume, named from the subject which they treated "Old Salem" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) They were contributed originally to the "Atlantic Monthly," where they attracted unusual attention by the quaint interest of their topics, the gentle humor shimmering over them, and the finish of their style. The author had a

fondness for detail and a talent for exact and picturesque description, reminding one of Hawthorne. Her writings are like pieces of mosaic, constructed of tiny odd bits, insignificant in themselves, but capable of marvellous effect when fitted together with purpose and skill. She had dwelt in old Salem in her youth, and the queer antiquated aspect of the town impressed itself indelibly on her memory. It had for her childish fancy the endless and mysterious charm of a wonderland; and in after years she was able to throw the same charm about it in her descriptions for the enjoyment of others. Death interrupted her plan of completing a series of papers which should restore the strange and unique forms of New England life which lingered remarkably in this locality, but are now fading away. The work which Mrs. Bates produced was of such fine quality, and possessed of so much historical value, that its sudden cutting short is to be sincerely regretted.

THE REV. OSCAR C. MCCULLOCH, pastor of Plymouth Church, Indianapolis, has produced a hymn-book suited to the use of persons who prefer not to permit too wide a divergence in sense and taste between what they say and what they sing. These hymns are good to read and to know by heart, and those who lack the gift or the accomplishment of song will find here something that sings in the spirit and in the understanding. Collected by one who is a lover of poetry as well as a singer, these "Hymns of Faith and Hope" (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston) are genuine births of the emotions of which they treat. Respectable commonplace, pious languor, unctuous feebleness, glittering pretentiousness, vulgar triviality, such as jointly and severally pervade most hymn-books, shine here by their absence. The collection is characterized by its freshness as well as by its poetic quality; only the best pieces of the older authors being included, while the best authors of this century are more fully represented. The names of Samuel Johnson, Samuel Longfellow, John Bowring, Whittier, Keble, W. H. Furness, J. F. Clarke, occur perhaps as frequently as any; while those of Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Tennyson, C. Wordsworth, T. W. Higginson, C. T. Brooks, F. T. Palgrave, John Sterling, are also noticeable. Admirably selected Scripture passages for responsive reading are included.

A SERIES of pretty little books, happily planned and admirably executed, is that edited by Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, with the general title "Through the Year with the Poets" (Lothrop). The plan is to present a collection of verse in celebration of the different months, each month having its own volume. The series has shown improvement as it progressed, and the latest volume, June, seems to us the best of all—as it should be for the month which is the crown of the year. Mr. Adams's selections cover a wide range of authors, over a hundred being represented in the 133 pages of verses. We find here many favorite passages from the older writers—Spenser, Herrick, Collins, Wordsworth, Bryant; while ample space is given to writers of our own day—Browning, and Marston, and Matthew Arnold, and Lowell, and Stoddard, and Hayne, and Gilder, and Edith Thomas. A number of American authors are represented by pieces written especially for this volume; the most noticeable being Dr. Powers's "The Tulip Tree in Blossom,"



a finely sympathetic treatment of a theme which we think is new in poetry. The volume for June is provided with a peculiarly dainty and winning cover.

A book of desultory records of travel, by an Englishman, Mr. George Cullen Pearson, appears under the fanciful title of "Flights Inside and Outside Paradise, by a Penitent Peri," (Putnam's Sons). Paradise is a figurative name for Japan, which was the home of the author for many years. When worn down with office work in one of the port towns, it was his custom to take a brief trip or "flight" into the interior of the island for refreshment. He was a dyspeptic, and as nervous and squeamish as a woman; hence these excursions were experiences of torment rather than of pleasure. Wherever he went, he seemed to be absorbed with himself and his personal miseries; and they are the perpetual theme of his discourse. He treats them in a facetious spirit, and occasionally falls into a vein of humor; but as a whole they are tiresome and unprofitable reading. The Englishman is the prince of travellers, daring, plucky, enduring, and ready to put up with any amount of hardship to gratify his wandering propensities. Mr. Pearson is a surprising exception. He has the national passion for roving, and his "flights" have carried him to all parts of the world. But in his book he chooses to appear as a constitutional grumbler; and one quickly wearies of an invariable strain of petty though sportive fault-finding.

THE "Teacher's Manual" prepared to accompany Miss Sheldon's "Studies in General History" (D. C. Heath & Co.) is marked by the same exact scholarship, sound historical sense, and skill in grouping, that characterise the "Studies." For teachers of that work it will be found indispensable; and all teachers, and general readers as well, can profit by its study. It is seldom that one finds so much historical information of the higher grade in so brief a space, joined with so profound and lucid observations. Take the following example (p. 108), which gives in a nutshell what is best worth knowing about the mediæval guilds: "They were built upon the principle of coöperative instead of upon that of competitive industry."

Mr. WINGATE's history of an excursion "Through the Yellowstone Park on Horseback" (O. Judd Co.) is related, as the author states, for the benefit of his friends and others who contemplate a visit to this interesting region and know not where to look for the full and exact information needed by a prospective tourist. Mr. Wingate spent twenty-six days in the Park in the summer of 1885, travelling meantime over 460 miles. His party comprised several ladies, and the trip was performed in a leisurely, comfortable fashion, the days being passed in the saddle and the nights in camp. Mr. Wingate's account is prosaic; but for the purpose that prompted it, minuteness is a merit.

"THE SAUNTERER" is the title given to a collection of short articles, often mere paragraphs, which were written by Mr. Charles Goodrich Whiting for the columns of the "Springfield Republican," and are reproduced in a volume by Ticknor & Co. They are in both prose and metrical form, and deal with the topics congenial to a poetic and reflective

mind. While not evincing any marked degree of vigor or freshness, they show a refined taste, a quiet love of nature, and an aptness in the use of the pen.

#### TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

JULY, 1886.

Anarchism Defined. C. L. James. *North American*.  
Anarchists. H. C. Adams. *Forum*.  
Animal and Plant Lore of Children. *Popular Science*.  
Apollonius of Tyana. Paul Shorey. *Dial*.  
Art, Decay of. W. J. Stillman. *Princeton*.  
Beauregard, A Mistake of. W. R. Taylor. *North American*.  
Brain, Care of the. A. L. Ranney. *Popular Science*.  
Bunker Hill. Ballard Smith. *Harper's*.  
California Desert, The. *Overland*.  
Canadian Confederation. J. Currier. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Capital and Labor. H. B. Metcalf. *Andover*.  
Carlyle. C. E. Norton. *Princeton*.  
Cedar Mountain. A. E. Lee. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Charity Organization. *Century*.  
Charleston, Defense of. G. T. Beauregard. *North American*.  
Chinese Emigration. E. W. Gilliam. *North American*.  
Christian Union. Seelye and Fisher. *Century*.  
Christian Union. Richards and Caldwell. *Andover*.  
Civil Service Reform. G. W. Green. *Forum*.  
Civil Liberty. *Century*.  
Clay's Speeches. C. H. Peck. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Co-operation. T. L. De Vinne. *Century*.  
Copyright, International. Lathrop and Sherman. *Forum*.  
Crawford's Campaign in Mexico. Lieut. Hanna. *Overland*.  
Credit of America after Revolution. John Fiske. *Atlantic*.  
Criminals, Experience with. W. M. F. Round. *Forum*.  
Dachau and Kindred Forms. Prof. Warfield. *Andover*.  
Douglass Charter to New York City. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Dwellings, Country. Mrs. Van Rensselaer. *Century*.  
Earthquakes. *Popular Science*.  
Episcopalian, Confessions of an. *Forum*.  
Farragut below New Orleans. Beverley Kenyon. *Century*.  
Fishery Question, The. J. M. Oxley. *Mag. Am. History*.  
France and Indo-China. Augustine Head. *Century*.  
French and English. P. G. Hamerton. *Atlantic*.  
Geology, Festwicks', Alexander Winchell. *Dial*.  
Glass, Bohemian. H. Schwarz. *Popular Science*.  
Gold and Silver Money. C. M. Clay. *North American*.  
Grant's Memoirs. Rossiter Johnson. *Dial*.  
Health and Exercise. E. L. Richards. *Popular Science*.  
High Latitudes, Climate in. C. B. Waring. *Pop. Science*.  
Historical Letters. G. S. Boutwell. *North American*.  
Historic Homes of New York City. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Iron, Rustless. J. S. C. Wells. *Popular Science*.  
Irrigation and Drainage. A. A. Sargent. *Overland*.  
Jackson, Helen Hunt. Louis Swinburne. *Princeton*.  
Labor as a Commodity. Washington Gladden. *Forum*.  
Labor Question. E. L. Day. *Century*.  
Labor Question. G. F. Parsons. *Atlantic*.  
Labor Question and the Clergy. H. W. Farnham. *Princeton*.  
Libby Prison. John Shady. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Life, Origin of. H. W. Conn. *Princeton*.  
Literary Career. My. Henry Gréville. *Lippincott's*.  
Literary Experiences. Joaquin Miller. *Lippincott's*.  
Manuscript Market, The. J. H. Browne. *Forum*.  
Mercator, Gerard. *Popular Science*.  
Meteorites. M. A. Daubrée. *Popular Science*.  
Mexico, Economic Study of. D. A. Wells. *Pop. Science*.  
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"Ouida." Harriet W. Preston. *Atlantic*.  
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Silk Culture. Margarette W. Brooks. *Popular Science*.  
Spiritual World, Natural Law in. *Andover*.  
Stockton, Frank R. C. C. Buel. *Century*.  
Sunday Question, The. H. C. Potter. *Princeton*.  
Telegraph, Government Ownership of. *North American*.  
Thomas at Chattanooga. W. F. Smith. *Century*.  
Transportation. J. C. Welch. *Popular Science*.  
Wealth, People's Share in. E. G. Clarke. *No. American*.  
Webster, Daniel. W. L. Todd. *Mag. American History*.  
Woman's Duty to Woman. Ella C. Lapham. *Forum*.  
Words. Gail Hamilton. *North American*.



## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list contains all the New Books, American and Foreign, received during the month of June by MESSRS. A. C. McClurg & Co. (successors to Jansen, McClurg & Co.), Chicago.]

## HISTORY.

- France Under Mazarin.** With a Review of the Administration of Richelieu. By J. B. Perkins. 2 vols., 8vo. *Portraits.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00.
- The Story of Germany.** By S. Baring-Gould, M.A., with the collaboration of A. Gilman, M.A. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 437. "The Story of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
- The Story of Norway.** By H. H. Boyesen. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 556. "The Story of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
- Greater Greece and Greater Britain,** and George Washington the Expander of England. Two Lectures, with an Appendix. By E. A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D. 16mo, pp. 143. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
- The German Soldier in the Wars of the United States.** By J. G. Rosengarten. 12mo, pp. 175. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.00.
- A Puritan Colony in Maryland.** By D. R. Randall, A.B. 8vo, pp. 47. Paper. Johns Hopkins University Studies. 50 cents.

## BIOGRAPHY.

- Childhood, Boyhood, Youth.** By Count L. N. Tolstol. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. 12mo, pp. 381. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
- Bolingbroke, A Historical Study, and Voltaire in England.** By J. C. Collins. 12mo, pp. 261. Harper & Bros. \$1.00.
- Shafesbury (The First Earl).** By H. D. Traill. "English Worthies." Edited by A. Lang. 16mo, pp. 218. D. Appleton & Co. 75 cents.
- The Stage Life of Mary Anderson.** By W. Winter. 16mo, pp. 151. Paper. G. J. Coombes. \$1.25.
- Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.** By Helen Moore. Square 16mo, pp. 346. Gilt top. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.
- A Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare,** Player, Poet, and Playmaker. By F. G. Fleay. With two etched illustrations. 8vo, pp. 364. Half-leather, gilt top. Scribner & Welford. \$4.50.
- A History of the Neff Family in America.** A chronicle, together with a little romance regarding Rodolf and Jacob Neff, of Frankford, Pennsylvania, and their descendants, including an account of the Neffs in Switzerland and America. By Elizabeth C. Neff. Post 8vo, pp. 352. E. Clarke & Co. \$1.00.
- Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton, B.A.,** of Trinity College, Cambridge. Extracted from his letters and diaries, with reminiscences of his conversation. By his friend C. Carr. 16mo, pp. 226. H. Holt & Co. \$1.50.

## TRAVEL—GUIDE BOOKS.

- Through the Kalahari Desert.** A Narrative of a Journey with Gun, Camera, and Note-Book, to Lake N'gami and back. By G. A. Farini. 8vo, pp. 473. Illustrations and map. Scribner & Welford. \$5.00.
- Flights.** Inside and Outside Paradise. By a Penitent Peri (G. C. Pearson). 16mo, pp. 389. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- The American Settler's Guide:** A Popular Exposition of the Public Land System of the United States of America. By H. N. Copp. 8vo, pp. 123. Paper. 25 cents.
- An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.** By A. Carnegie. 12mo, pp. 191. Paper. C. Scribner's Sons. 25 cents.
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